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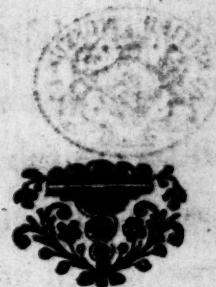
A D D R E S S E D

To THE SAVOIR VIVRE CLUB.

London

ET VITÆ MONSTRATA VIA EST.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for F. NEWBERRY, the Corner of St. Paul's Church Yard,

• Ludgate Street, and J. RIDLEY, St. James's Street.

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ADDRESS

To the SAVOIR VIVRE CLUB

Et Vite Monstrata Vite



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Printed for E. Newby, at the Corner of St. Paul's Church Lane.
- Ludgate Street, and A. R. Smith, 22, Ludgate Street.

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O D E.

I.

IN monkish apathy retir'd
By solitude alone inspir'd,
Morosely pensive let the unsocial bard
Call reason's feast tumultuous noise ;
Defame the fairest of our joys,
And tax the bliss the coward never shar'd :
To passion dead, and dead to sense,
For virtue pass it to abstain ;
Condemning in his own defence
Blithe Comus and his festive train ;
Far from friendship, far from love,
Let the cheerless wretch remove
To some unfrequented den ;
Human savage ! far from men :

B

There

There unenjoying, unenjoy'd,
 The dearest ties of life destroy'd :
 There let him breed the supercilious gloom
 That wraps th' unfeeling stoic's heart of stone,
 Steals from the cheek of youth it's vivid bloom,
 And ushers in it's stead the Cynic snarl and frown.

II.

Let sad misfortune tir'd of life
 Fly from impertinence and strife ;
 Let conscious guilt seclude him from the throng :
 Let hopeless grief, despairing love,
 Beneath the deep embow'ring grove
 Join nightly Philomela's widow'd song.
 But what have I with fell despair
 'Till Celia's fund of smiles shall fail ;
 While dash'd with bitter as they are,
 The sweets of life will still prevail :
 Then the happier muse be mine,
 Fairest of the tuneful nine,
 On whose brow no vapors low'r,
 Jocund as the vernal hour ;

Still

Still as the social joys inspire,
 For ever pleas'd to tune the lyre :
 Whether in honour of the May they lead,
 The choral shepherds o'er the daified ground,
 Or bid the great in splendid circles tread
 The gay PANTHEON's wide-illumin'd round.

III.

And will she now the Song deny,
 When on such errand, from on high
 A radiant scroll the social Goddess bears,
 Inscrib'd the "*Art to live aright*,"
 And sown, with gems of orient light,
 Thick, as the starry zone which binds the spheres :
 Where Albion's favour'd sons confess
 Her power, she makes her mild descent ;
 See ! round the mission how they press
 And pause upon the great intent.
 Lo ! the fair procession moves
 With the graces and the loves,
 Smiles that smoothe the brow of care,
 Freedom bold with bosom bare.

And

And pleasure with her robes confin'd,
 For temp'rance follows close behind.
 With even feet whilst mirth the pomp pursues
 No child of passion, and no slave to fear,
 Such mirth approving nor exclude the Muse
 At humble distance to bring up the rear.

IV.

All hail ! ye flow'r of British youth
 Associates not in form but truth ;
 Ye chosen guardians of a charge so dear :
 With joy transported let me trace
 The purpose forming on each face
 Not to desert the colours which you bear.
 Hence spring no precepts that intrude
 To give to joy the chilling pause ;
 No science this which when pursu'd
 Is toil, or posthumous applause :
 But which happier owns the pow'r
 To enrich the present hour,
 And ensure to every name
 Pledges of immortal fame.

And

And much it int'rests you to know,
 Whence all that graces life can flow ;
 You who can dare to snatch the dang'rous Meed
 Fearless of death, that decks the warrior's fall,
 You who have bravely bled, and wish to bleed,
 Or when your country or your friends shall call.

V.

Th' exclusive right to "*Know to live*"
 Think ye from birth that ye derive ?
 O'er the erroneous thought securely doze !
 For what is (stife it as you please)
 Your native elegance and ease,
 But pomp luxurious and inert repose ?
 Vain pride !—The higher ye pursue
 The boasted source which feeds your veins ;
 More obligations start to view,
 More duties the device contains.
 From the palace to the cot
 Fate has temper'd every lot ;
 On the peasant has bestow'd
 Thoughts as low as his abode :

He eats the bread of toil content,
 Nor other life by heaven was meant.
 But such conditions straiten not your sphere,
 Form'd to contain the more capacious mind;
 Puts joy a smile on, or drops grief a tear?
 Touch'd is some string that ties you to mankind.

VI.

Or will you on no better ground
 Your title to this science found,
 Than that remark'd you catch the passing eye
 As airily ye flaunt along,
 In robes distinguish'd from the throng,
 Of cut peculiar, and peculiar die?
 Without a crime tho' fancy strays,
 (Where'er her Proteus form's display'd)
 In fashion's wild fantastic maze;
 For fashion is ally to trade.
 But the poison from the vest
 Often sinks into the breast,
 Till with every changing wind
 Shift the too inconstant mind;

Which

Which but one purpose should controul,
 Fix'd as the needle to the pole.
 Such minds may BRITONS ever boast to bear
 To each usurping whim averse to yield;
 By bribes unshaken, and unaw'd by fear,
 Resolv'd, or in the senate, or the field.

VII.

Call you "To live?" to yawn supine,
 To quench fair reason's light in wine;
 To waste inglorious in the harlot's bed
 The prime of youth, till health be drain'd,
 Till age provok'd with wint'ry hand
 Shall immaturely hoar the youthful head.
 Not that too rigidly severe,
 Or love, or wine, the muse denies;
 What heaven bestows, 'twere sin through fear
 To spurn untasted to the skies.
 But to madness mirth's allied;
 And the limits which divide
 Love's fierce rapture from excess
 Cautious reach, lest ye transgress:

For

For love and wine like angels shew
 Above, but end in brutes below
 In the same Landskip to perplex the sight
 Here bliss disports in many a varied hue,
 There dissipation barren of delight
 Rugged with care while anguish shuts the view.

VIII.

The grape was ne'er ordain'd to flow
 In nectar'd streams for man below,
 To strangle thought, and break the charm of rest.
 Nor in life's cup, was from above
 Infus'd the balm of social love,
 To turn to venom in the human breast.
 Then, while these gifts expand the soul
 And leave no cold reserve behind;
 When no tempestuous passions frown
 To dim the sunshine of the mind;
 Seize th' occasion to inspire
 Every breast with British fire,
 Warm'd with tales of ancient worth,
 Call the patriot passion forth;

See

See if it's lustre be debas'd
 And freedom's genuine stamp effac'd,
 The cause of injur'd innocence defend,
 O'er genius chill'd with want your influence shed
 Or soft unseen like midnight dews descend,
 To cheer and raise affliction's drooping head.

IX.

Aspire ye to be thought "*to live?*"
 By steps like these ye must arrive
 At that bright mark, where points your aim,
 But let not doubt your minds involve,
 And triumph o'er the brave resolve ;
 For know the virtues which confirm your claim
 With no monastic horrors low'r
 The buds of pleasure to destroy ;
 Nor fullen damp the social hour,
 Nor clog the downy wings of joy :
 Self approof from virtuous deeds
 A sincerer smile succeeds ;
 All the charms of wine improve,
 Quicken'd is the sense of love.

D

He

He, and but he alone, is blest
 Who dares the sentence of his breast.
 In vain for welcome from within we wait,
 In vain we boast the public ear and eye!
 If self reproach still stop us at the gate,
 If this bold censor give our claim the lie.

X.

With conscious merit on your side
 Here let your title then be tried;
 So shall your country glory in her race:
 But if this mystic badge be born
 In proud defiance or in scorn,
 As heathens treat the cross which they disgrace;
 If still with insolent disdain,
 From nature's course oblique ye steer,
 And tofs reluctant to the rein
 Which reason hangs on youth's career:
 BRITAIN from her sons shall turn,
 And their claims indignant spurn;
 O'er the panegyric string
 Satyr's hand the Muse shall fling:

Ev'n

Ev'n she who now in zealous lays,
 Erects the plan of future praise;
 The fabrick all dissolv'd, no more shall brood
 With fond desire o'er the prophetic page ;
 But like the maiden sword when flesh'd in blood
 Her pen shall wound with more insatiate rage.

XI.

And shall the harsh discordant strain
 Usurp fair praise's gentler reign ?
 And will no breath the destin'd theme inspire ?
 Yes, they exclaim, the notes prolong
 Enamour'd of the pleasing song
 We'll tune our lives responsive to the lyre :
 Think not that all our virtue lies
 A vision in the poets brain ;
 Attend, and truth shall realize
 Each link that form'd th' ideal chain,
 Hark, where oft the midnight roar,
 Scar'd each modest joy before ;
 Where debauch had from the breast
 Banish'd every lovelier guest,

Serenity

Serenest pleasures now prevail,
 Save when with loud acclaim we hail
 Some bold compeer's more spirited advance,
 Whom emulation spurs to reach the goal :
 Youth, fortune, fame, uniting to enhance
 The glorious palm, and animate his soul.

XII.

We ask no prostituted lay
 Imagin'd virtues to display,
 Or gloss o'er crimes with adulation's hues ;
 And from it's innocent repose,
 As we attest our dread to rouse
 The lion wrath of the vindictive muse,
 Ne'er shall the ignominious price
 Of barter'd honour, or of freedom sold,
 Through each polluted stream of vice,
 To infamy's black gulph be roll'd.
 Open shall the plenteous hand,
 And the ear of pity stand ;
 Science, drink of fortune's source,
 Misery, partake it's course :

For

For what were all our rights of blood
 Without th' ambition to be good !
 From wealth, from birth, we draw no other pride,
 But that they give our bounty to extend,
 But that the ampler means are thence supply'd
 For want and merit to command a friend.

XIII.

They cease, the promised scenes arise,
 No dreams illusive, no disguise !
 * See ! where the touch Promethian they bestow,
 Beneath the painter's and the sculptor's art
 Unwonted life begins to start ;
 A Phidian feature and a Raphael's glow :
 The poet takes a bolder wing,
 The votive wreath they twine to gain,
 And o'er each emulative string
 Sublimed raptures wake the strain.

E

See !

* Respecting some late noble Resolutions of this Society, by which
 Præmiums are adjudged to those who shall excel in the Arts and
 Sciences.

See! they smile, and modest worth
 From her cold recess comes forth;
 Safe above th' insulting croud
 And the contumelious proud,
 Yet ill confiding in the change
 Each alter'd object looks so strange.
 The snow drop thus from earth's too forward womb,
 Untimely sent to face some rigorous sky,
 With trembling caution spreads the gradual bloom
 As Zephyr breathes, or Phœbus opes his eye.

XIV.

* What brightens o'er the mother's face,
 E'en now who with a strain'd embrace,
 Scarce clos'd her dying infant to her breast;
 What slumbers play around her head,
 Who long had made the earth her bed,
 Where grief in vain had woo'd the pow'r of rest.

Why

* When Liberality is confined merely to the Arts and Sciences, it may be suspected of Ostentation, but when it proceeds upon a more general plan, and takes in distress of all kinds, its sincerity is not to be questioned.

Why playful round the gladden'd fire
 His babes in fond contention cling;
 And with their speechless looks require
 Whence all those sudden blessings spring;
 They extend the lib'ral arm;
 And at the resistless charm
 Famine quick withdraws her train,
 Every varied shape of pain;
 Check'd is each enanguish'd groan,
 And the eye weeps for joy alone.
 Softly they steal upon the wretch's grief,
 Nor probe each wound his long distress to know,
 Nor murder with conditional relief:
 Enough for them, he wears the face of woe.

XV.

O fame! thy choicest seats prepare,
 If still there is a space so fair
 Untenanted within thy ample dome;
 And turn with rapture to behold
 Patriots and patrons as of old
 Grac'd the Augustan days of godlike Rome.
 Whose

Whose names, like theirs, shall ne'er expire,
 Whilst sculpture animates the bust;
 Till the last Muse shall drop her lyre,
 And Painting's pencil sink in dust:
 Till the wretch shall cease to weep,
 Till in death compassion sleep,
 Till amidst the crushing ball
 Time itself a ruin fall.
 So long in undecaying gold
 Thus be their characters enroll'd.
 Lo! these were they, in life, who nobly fought,
 By honour's steps, the sole ascent to fame,
 To future times, who from experience taught,
 " To live, and, to be virtuous, are the same."

VX

F I N I S

